

**Bold and Underlined**=POV Change  
Underlined=Line Break  
**Bold**=TV Script  
*Italics*=Thoughts  
**Bold, Underlined, and Italics**=Vision

## Chapter 6

### **Narrator's POV**

We now see an overview of the town Jericho. It looks like they are setting up for a festival. We zoom in on a van stopping in front of a building. We see Principle Weems, with two other people with her. They are Wednesday and Y/N, as they both have therapy session at the same time. Y/N was not happy with the arrangement of sharing her session with someone, no matter the person she is sharing it with is her mate. She doesn't want her mate to know about her baggage this early on.

### **Y/N's POV**

Why do I have to share my sessions with her, I thought in my head. Principal Weems knows I don't want anyone to know about my past, and she does this shit. I thought I could trust her, but apparently not. Maybe, with Wednesday there, Dr. Kinbott won't talk about me. That could be a fucking miracle. Wednesday turned around and looked at me, probably sensing my mood. She saw the scowl on my face and frowned. I sighed and looked away, and that is when Weems started to talk to Wednesday.

### **Wednesday's POV**

I could feel Y/N mood turning sour, so I turned around to look at her. I saw a scowl on her face, and I frowned as I didn't like that face on her. She should be smiling, I thought then shook that thought away. I saw that she sighed and looked away. I'm wondering why she is like this. This is when Weems started to talk to me.

"Dr. Kinbott's office is on the second floor," she told me, "other Nevermore students swear by her."

"You'll be here until we're done," I asked referring to both Y/N and I. I have decided to take Y/N with me. She is my mate, so she will come with as she is mine.

"Perhaps afterwards we can visit the Weathervane for hot chocolate," Weems said with a smile. I saw Y/N perk up at this. So she likes hot chocolate, I thought.

"Principal Weems, this feeble attempt at bonding is beneath you," I told her, while getting out. Y/N did the same, still with a scowl on her face. I turned around to continue, "and chauffeuring your students around is below your pay grade."

"Given your history, I'm sure you're intent on running away," she told me with a smile, "I'm here to prevent that from happening."

"I wish you luck," I said, shutting the door. I walked with Y/N towards the building to begin my session.

### **~Line Break~**

"I read the notes from your school counselor," Dr. Kinbott told me as we all walked up the stairs. Y/N was fidgeting, so Dr. Kinbott gave her something to mess with.

"Mrs. Bronstein. She had a nervous breakdown after our last session and had to take a six-month sabbatical," I responded flatly. Y/N looked at me, raising one of her eyebrows.

"Go ahead and take a seat," Dr Kinbott told me, to which I did, "how did you feel about that?"

"Vindicated," I replied, "but someone who crochets for a hobby isn't a worthy adversary."

"Adversary," Dr. Kinbott said looking at me, "I hope we can forge a relationship based on trust and mutual respect, like Y/N and myself have."

At this I looked at Y/N and she just kept fidgeting with her fingers and this spinner, that I heard is called a fidget spinner. She really looks uncomfortable, and I don't know why.

"This is a safe space, Wednesday," Dr. Kinbott told me, probably in hopes